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Vox Collegii.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

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Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

VOX COLLEGII,

*Published Monthly Throughout the Collegiate Year
by the Editorial Staff.*

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Editorial.

Well ! girls, here we are in college once more. I suppose it is hardly fair to the new girls to say "once more," for to most of them this is their first experience. But though many of us have been here before, it is always new when we return to take up the duties of another year. To be sure we fall into the old grooves so quickly that we feel as if we had never left the school at all and that the holidays with their sorrows or pleasures are a remembered dream soon to pass away. But the faces we loved, many of them, are gone, some never to be seen again. Friends who will be dear for aye are no longer here to share our little triumphs or disappointments and lend sweet sympathy or an attentive ear to the little but ever precious confidences which a college girl is so wont to pour out to the loving heart she knows will receive and value them. We pass by now, with a vague, unexpressed longing and pain, the rooms where, perhaps, last year we spent our brightest hours. A place at the table, a piano where we used sometimes to be interrupted in practice for a short, lively scrap of conversation ; a seat no longer shared with some one else in the classroom ; a trysting place in the corridors ; all these bring back a flood of happy memories of the days that are gone and make the school seem new and strange. But the heart cannot stay lonely. We seek unconsciously our own and soon there are other

rooms which promise many happy hours; a new friend in the old place at table or in the class-room, and a happy greeting from one to whom the heart is drawn in bonds of unexpressed love, at the old trysting place.

After all the school has not lost the charm which had been so much and yet which we did not feel till it had seemed for a time to have vanished. It is the same, yet altered, and we are ready to be content with the change.

Thus the old girls cease to long for friends who will not return, and the new ones are happy in having found new friends with whom to share the new life, and the clock-work of the school becomes very regular in its tick-tock as it beats off the classes and the recreation hours, the study periods and the hours of rest; and behold we live in a little world all our own where strangers do not intrude and all is systematical, peaceful and happy.

Yes; I say happy and I mean it, for there are so few girls who are not happy that we are safe in calling ourselves collectively by that adjective. And why should we not be happy? Ask some one who says she doesn't like the school and is not happy what is the reason of her discontent. You will invariably find that she cannot tell why. She only just knows it or if there is a reason it is purely personal and one which the school cannot remedy. If there are any girls like this let us all who are happy in our happiness do our best to show them how to be so too, and I am sure they will soon change their minds.

We have all been homesick, though some have not shown it. The teachers, too, have longed for the dear ones at home, and the old familiar haunts. We must not think because they are always so genial and pleasant with ever a word of comfort or good cheer that they have lost their love of home and friends. We are apt to get an idea that they are so far above us in wisdom and responsibility that they are also above little sorrows. They are, human, as we all are. Try to remember, it girls; it will help both you and them.

Let us also consider the feelings of our sister students. There are girls whose home-life and experience has been so widely different from yours that you feel that you have nothing in common with them. Do not pass them by unnoticed in the halls. A smile is a little thing which doesn't cost much, and one from an unexpected source is thrice

prized, if sincere. If you will but turn even so little space to left or right and give occasionally a few moments thought or exchange of conversation with one with whom you have never become acquainted, you will often be surprised that so beautiful a character could have so long escaped your notice. Now you regret that you cannot widen your circle of special friends and admit this lately discovered kindred spirit.

No advice could be better than that contained in this little verse which I requote from Miss Graham's "Message to Students" in the "Tie":

"May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom
Some good, some little grace,
Some inspiration yet unfelt,
Some bit of courage for the dark'ning skies,
One gleam of faith to brave the thick'ning ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gath'ring
mists
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

Do we not unconsciously, because it is a part of human nature, open our hearts to all with whom we come in contact ready to receive the little gleams of sympathy, tenderness or any helpful influence which the ever-passing hearts may shed on our lives? How quickly we feel the influence, however slight, and with all her faults we are drawn to that person by a vague gratitude for the help received, and a longing of the hungry soul for its renewal. More often we feel a cold lack of response, but it is possible in many such cases to trace the blame to ourselves. We do not show a need of sympathy or good advice or tenderness, and therefore it is not given. Oh! girls, we are all sisters, we live under the same roof in one great family; let us not be separated by a lack of mutual interest. We should have it and would all be so much happier with it. Can we not this year be nearer to all and better acquainted with each than ever before? Let us try.

Do not think you are the only one who needs sympathy. We all have sorrows, it is man's lot, and we must bear them. Let us say:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside-out

To show the lining."

And be a happy family knit by one common band of love for each other, and our Alma Mater for these nine months we must spend together.

HELEN L. T. BADGLEY.

OCTOBER REVERIES.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
On looking on the happy autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Are we not also stirred with that same feeling of regret which filled the heart of the poet when he beheld the flaming gold and scarlet of the autumn-tinted landscape, as we tread upon the fallen frost-kissed leaves; a feeling which is a sad pleasure; regret but not pain, as we look across the hills and see the radiant foliage of the myriad trees which blaze forth for a brief space when fanned by the first frosty breeze, that speaks of coming snow into vivid intense fire, returning with their very life, thanks to the sun for the unbounded gifts he has bestowed on all nature during the brief, happy summer. The warmth and fervor of their glow is not dulled by the knowledge that they will soon be stripped of every vestige of life. They lift their flaming torches with grateful hearts, and as long as there remains one clinging leaf seem all praise and gratitude.

As we see their glowing tribute we are stirred with a strange longing. Our thoughts run back over the year which is fast slipping from us. We see so many things to regret; neglected duties, kind words left unsaid, opportunities wasted, dissatisfaction or lack of perseverance. The autumn-stirred thoughts are ever sad, but mingled with our regret are reminiscent thoughts which bring back the glad autumns of childhood, when a month was an age to wait and October seemed a long way from Christmas. How we enjoy recalling the old days, and each year adds another dream to our sheaf of happy memories.

But most of all I think our hearts are stirred to thankfulness at this time of the year. Aside from the harvests which have been reaped and garnered in, we feel grateful for the blueness of the sky, the soft verdure of the hills, the symmetry of the landscape, the harmony of all natures coloring and many other such blessings unrecognized before. We join

the trees in gratitude to God for His countless blessings. How brightly "Old Sol" shines these cool October mornings, as if proud to reveal to man, in all its splendor, the affectionate expression of thanks tendered him by every form of nature. The air is pure and crisp; a straggling bird pipes now and then a parting strain of melody; the frost glistens on the velvet lawns; the pumpkins gleam from their nests in the sere-brown stubble; the wind rustles softly among the clinging leaves, and murmurs as it floats them gently to the breast of their mother earth a soft farewell. All is rest and peace. We love this glorious, quiet autumn. We love to live and live more in one happy autumn hour, conscious that they will so soon pass, than we did in any glowing day of departed summer.

—Helen L. T. Badgley.

WELCOME RECEPTION.

In September, shortly after school opened, the new girls were honored by a welcome reception, and on the evening set apart for this purpose the drawing-rooms were thronged. There were guests from down town, which deepened the interest and heightened the excitement because among them were some of the opposite sex. It is rumored that all those from down town didn't come inside. The refreshments were dainty and abundant. All agreed when they came away that the evening had been in every way a success, and that they felt much more at home and better acquainted.

TO ALL VOX READERS.

We are anxious to make our little paper a success. We wish it to be of interest to all who may have the chance of reading it. Will you not help to make it so? Do not leave all the responsibility upon the shoulders of the officers. They do their best and still there are often omissions which do the paper harm. Let each and all, teachers, girls and outsiders, who feel an interest in the VOX make it a point to tell those in charge, of anything which they think will be of use for the paper—personals, locals, clippings, anything of general interest. We want all the girls to feel free to contribute. Surely, among this throng there is talent hidden. Short stories, poems or articles on any interesting subject will be gladly accepted. If some are willing to

write but would rather do it secretly let them use a *nom de plume* and even the editor need not know the real author, for the matter may be sent her with the mail or put in her room when she is not there. The paper belongs to its readers; they surely will help to promote its welfare.

In order that the girls may not be rushed at the last minute we make the rule that all matter must be in by the 16th of each month. Will the editors of the different departments please remember this? By doing so you will help those in charge very much.

The Literary Society this year is going to make an effort to be very interesting, and we have decided to have the meetings exclusive, for members only, except an occasional open meeting when we have a speaker from outside. Already there are instructive as well as interesting and varied programmes arranged for the several meetings we hope to hold before Christmas. All are invited to join. The roll is quite low now and is still increasing.

The grand concert given in the town hall by the Edna Sutherland Concert Company, under the auspices of the College, was a success as well as a very enjoyable event. Miss Edna Louise Sutherland, the reader of the evening, delighted the audience with her numerous selections and encores. She is versatile, with a most expressive voice and finished gestures and stage presence. She came near to her audience and charmed one and all. Miss Merrielle Patton rendered a number of vocal selections, displaying artistic finish and dainty coloring. She was often encored. Mr. Frank Smith won the unqualified favor of all by the proficient way in which his violin numbers were executed. He was again and again encored, and all agreed that he was a master of his art. These three talented artists together furnished an evening entertainment worth hearing and remembering.

Some who were left behind when the girls were away said that they didn't like being consoled, but we are sure they all changed their minds on Saturday evening when the taffy was passed around. It was a treat and we have not only Miss Burkholder, who thought of giving it, to thank, but also the girls who worked all afternoon stirring, pulling and cutting it in order that we might enjoy it better, and some of whom we fear suffered from blisters which taffy made instead of cured.

STAR GAZING.

Although we are given the impression while under the tender guardianship of the college that members of the opposite sex are not even to be viewed from a distance we were allowed recently the excitement? and pleasure of looking at the man in the moon. Yes, actually, and through a glass which brought him nearer than the naked eye could. Dr. Hare was very kind to think of giving us this treat, which we all enjoyed, and also to furnish so good an excuse as the study of astronomy for the passing flirtation.

OUR OPEN DOORS.

The summer has gone—the summer for which we had planned so much! It may be some of our plans were not brought into execution, but even if our holidays did not reach the highest expectations, that cannot be remedied now. The summer has gone, but the fall has come, and the winter is coming, and it is these with which we have now to deal.

We all are young, and it is only natural that we should even now look forward to next summer, with the fun and the good times we hope it will bring us. But we cannot live merely in hopes of that. There are surely none of us who would have no higher aim for this coming year than to put in the time until holidays come again. "Killing time" is a very unsatisfactory business, particularly as it is certain that in the end time will kill us after all. No one ever reaches the height of her ambition; as it is neared she invariably raises her standard, and so, in the end, the ideal is not reached. If such is the case, and our *highest* aim is to put in time, what a miserable existence we will eke for the next eight or nine months.

But we have come back to school strong and happy and ready for work, and we are surrounded by opportunities—opportunities for self-improvement, opportunities for helping our fellow-students, and opportunities for helping our Alma Mater. How many of these opportunities will we grasp? They will knock but once at our door. Some one has said: "An opportunity is like a pin in the sweeping, you catch sight of it just as it flies away from you and gets buried again," and so, if we do not take advantage of the chances that come to us, as they come our time will be wasted, and try as we may afterward it can never be regained.

Our opportunities for self-improvement come to

us with every class, with every practice period, with every private lesson; and every one of these we miss places us just that much behind what we might have been. Even if we are not absent, if we are in our own places, but pay little or no attention our loss is the same, and to-day, when we should be learning something new, we must of necessity learn the lesson we neglected yesterday. Perhaps the temptation to put in a good time at some particular study or practise period, is very strong, but however powerful the attraction—or distraction—maybe, we will be amply repaid for a little self-denial manifested now. Not that we are to tie ourselves down to lessons, exclusive of all amusements. If we did, what a melancholy array of faces we would present in about six months! But if our work comes first, and comes in its regular place, we shall find we have plenty of fun, and we will enjoy it all the more thoroughly.

And our opportunities for helping our fellow-students—they come to us in class, as we pass one another in the halls, as we meet three times a day in the dining-hall, as we go out walking together in division—in fact, wherever and whenever we come contact with each other. Some of us are old girls—we have our old friends of last year, and we feel quite at home in the College, and in all its ways, but some of us are new here. Maybe it is a new experience for some to be away from home, and the talking of so many girls, the business-like regularity of the bells, the incessant din of the pianos, is all so tiresome and distracting and the whole atmosphere of the place is so different from that to which we have been accustomed that we long for the quiet of the homes we have left, and the friendship of those whom we know and who know and understand us. When anything goes wrong, instead of going to our own room to think it out, we would rather go and talk it over with mother, but that cannot be, and in consequence we are lonesome and homesick. When we find some one in this condition, or some one who is at least dreadfully “blue” (and who of us does not get blue sometimes), may we not render our services imperceptibly, cheer up the despondent one, and make them feel that life is worth living, if coal is worth \$15 a ton, and they cannot go home before Christmas.

There are so many ways in which we can help the others, explaining things which we may under-

stand and they do not, doing little things for them when they are in a hurry or are not able to do themselves, and in the thousand and one little ways which are ever coming to light if we are only quick enough to perceive them. Surely our time need not be wasted in this direction for lack of opportunities.

Then there are our opportunities for helping our Alma Mater. It seems as if we seldom think of this subject. We seem to think the board of directors and the faculty have the entire management of the college, that necessarily they have the entire care of its reputation and welfare, and that we have nothing to do with its good name or its progress. Do you not know that after you have attended here for a while every action of yours counts for or against the school? Do you not wish, even if it is only for the sake of appearance, that outsiders have a high opinion of the school which you have attended? Why then speak slightly of it to any of your acquaintances? Maybe it has its defects. It may not be just what you expected, perhaps the meals are not always just what pleases you (none of us seem to look much the worse for them) and everything may not be simply perfect in your eyes. Is *that* any reason for not upholding it to outsiders? If everyone, in speaking of us, dwelt only on our defects, in what high repute we should soon be held, should we not? Speak well of your Alma Mater, girls. If you do not realize now you will a few years hence, what a good friend she was to you and you might be as good a friend to her.

As to the school's progressive spirit, if it is not as you wish why do you not seek to improve it? If the different societies have not enough life in them why do you not give them more of yours? If you do not like the style of some girls why do you not offer some of your plenteous supply of valuable advice on the subject. They will probably receive it gracefully. If the college paper is too dry or uninteresting send in your jokes to the local editor and write some bright paper for the editor-in-chief to insert in the columns. All such will be most “gladly and thankfully received.”

If there are some things about the school we would wish to see improved, girls, the responsibility lies partly with us; if we only rouse ourselves and if we cannot improve a department we need not criticize it. If we do nothing for the school we will feel no particular interest in it and take little from it, but if we throw ourselves into the College work heart

and hand we will feel that we have a share in it ourselves, will receive more from it and take more pride in it.

Let us do this year what we can for the College and for each other, and we will, incidentally, be doing good for ourselves, and when June comes we will know more, be broader-minded, and feel prouder of our College home than we have ever before.

GRACE A. SILCOX.

DON'TS.

Don't gossip.

Don't believe all you hear.

Don't repeat it.

Don't guess.

Don't borrow.

Don't lend.

Don't scrap at the table.

Don't whistle.

Don't go up stairs two at a time.

Don't slam doors.

Don't sing in the halls.

Don't leave the radiator turned on and the window open.

Don't forget coal is scarce.

Don't crowd in the line.

Don't ask for privileges.

Don't talk slang.

Don't be late for meals, especially breakfast.

Don't be selfish.

Don't be lazy.

Don't be bossy because you have privileges.

Don't take down notices from the bulletin board.

Don't get eatables from home.

Don't make fudge.

Don't criticise the meals.

Don't forget to dress for tea.

Don't tear things out of the papers in the reading room or library books.

Don't think physical culture class needs no excuse for absence.

Don't refuse to pose if asked by the art class.

Don't call in study hour.

Don't make any more new rules.

Don't forget to heed these don't's.

Personals.

Mrs. Burkholder is staying in town.

Miss Jessie Hodson had a visit from her father.

Mr. Richardson called on his sister a few days ago.

Miss Freeman was visiting her sister, Miss Olive Freeman.

Miss Pashley, of Sarnia, has been visiting the Misses Wood.

Miss Partridge has had her sister, Mrs. Ball, with her for a time.

Miss A. Campbell spent part of the Thanksgiving holiday with Miss Moysey.

Miss Paisley had the pleasure of a visit recently from her father and mother.

Miss Edmison had the pleasure of a call from her brother a few days ago.

Miss Millie Whyte, an O. L. C. girl of 1902, is in training in a New York hospital.

The Misses Clothier, former students, spent Thanksgiving at Mrs. J. Richardson's.

Miss Ethel Murdoff had the pleasure of a visit from her mother at Thanksgiving time.

Miss Carscallen left us in ill-health, but, we are glad to say, has returned feeling much better.

Miss Nevada Webster, a graduate of 1902, is an accepted nurse in the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Miss Michaelis spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Miss Ina Kelly, of Gue'ph, a former student of O.L.C.

Miss Stella Knapp, Miss W. Gumprich and Miss Anna Petherbridge spent the recent holiday with Miss B. Webster. While away these young ladies took part very successfully in a concert in Oakwood, furnishing, by their combined efforts, almost the entire programme.

Mrs. Breithaupt, of Berlin, with her little daughter Katherine, spent a few days with her daughters in their college home. We regret to say Miss Edna Breithaupt has been obliged to leave us for a time on account of ill health. We hope she may soon be

with us again well and strong.

How we miss the old familiar faces which used to smile on us at every side last year! Miss Margaret Graham has left us to take up duties elsewhere, but we enjoyed her greeting to students, which was published in the *Dominion Tie* and read in Y.W.C. A. one Sunday not long ago. It was helpful and inspiring and brought her near to us once more. We are glad to feel that she has not forgotten us, though far away.

Miss Rice, or rather we should say Mrs. Hare, (but she will always live in our hearts as Miss Rice) has also left us. We miss her, but none are sorry, for we feel sure she is most happy in her own home.

But there are new faces as ready and as able to smile and brighten our college life this year as there ever were in the years before. We welcome to our college home Miss Rowell, who fills Miss Graham's place, and Miss Perley, who takes up the duties resigned by Mrs. Hare. They have already won our affections. May they long be with us. Miss Metcalf has also returned to fill the position left vacant by Miss McGillivray, who has been enjoying a tour in the Old World. Miss McCully as Miss Madison's assistant in Domestic Science, is also a welcome new-comer. And the girls, the new girls, are all welcome. We cannot name them because the list would be too long, but dear girls who have come lately to this college home, welcome to our Alma Mater.

Locals.

Daisy the 2nd, the Letter Prophet!

What is the "older crowd," anyway?

So Pearl nearly lost her heart. Too bad!

Girls, did you see Don when he was in town?

What shall I do?

Mildrew.

Miss P.—"Will you have beef or veal?"

Stella—"Lamb, please."

Where was the Christmas "Turke" on Thanksgiving Day?

The latest way of furnishing a room—Two trunks and a valise still packed.

Oh, to be back at the 49-cent store to buy a

wreath of myrtle.

What time does the "flyer" pass through? Ask the "Merry ho-ho."

Lost—"The Mississippi Bubble." Finder will kindly return to 5 Main.

Farewell and a smile at the Union gates—and the tall lady passed through.

So many flowers, Grace, but we are sorry they will all soon fade away.

Hello, Agnes, did you have a good time at Win's? Win—Ask my brother.

Girls, don't you feel as if you ought to look like a cow when the salt is passed?

It is rumored that only graduates in vocal are allowed to sing in the halls.

The High School sports were quite out of sight. We attended them, you know.

What is the bath-robe for? For information apply at No. 3 Main or 13 Francis.

Why are the girls at Miss P-s-y's table so swift at meal time? Some one please answer.

Ruby—All my father's brothers are dead but one, and he got married, so now he's dead.

Thanksgiving came so early this year that turkeys were not ripe, so we had chicken instead.

Janet (after hearing a very unfavorable remark about Whitby)—"Never speak ill of the dead."

ONE Gibson Girl—Good evening, ladies. No; I can't stay. I am expecting a callah from New York.

The maid, a few moments later—Miss H—, your father wants you in the back drawing-room.

People talk about cold hard cash. If it is cold how can we account for its burning holes in our pockets?

Hello, central! give me Bowe's livery stable. What are your terms for a rubber-tired buggy for an evening?

It is rumored that we are to have a rink on the O. L. C. grounds this winter. Keep Mr. R— to his promise, girls.

I wonder why Miss P—I—e followed Miss Mc-

C——y and Jim into the gym the other day. Did she think she had caught some one?

One of our tall, thin girls—Are you tired? Lean on me.

No, thanks; you're lean enough already.

We miss "Bobbie" very much. Wonder how he likes Toronto? There are College girls enough there surely to satisfy even his craving for those beauties.

The Thanksgiving holidays apparently had a bad effect on the college law-makers judging by the parchments we see displayed conspicuously in all popular resorts.

Some of our little girls had a *fine* time the other night practicing the branches of domestic science, bed making and sewing combined. "What time was it?" A quarter *from* four.

There have been a number of very pleasant little evenings given by different girls to friends in their own rooms, and they have helped wonderfully to break the monotony of school life.

Any of the girls intending to purchase mantles this season should confer with Wilhelmine as to the style of sleeve most convenient for driving. No doubt she will recommend bell sleeves.

There was a group of ghostly figures seen strolling around the College one night not long ago. They acted their parts very well, but a teacher began to loom up in the distance when they both moved and spoke more loudly than the average ghost. Maybe they were trying for a new effect. In these days of fads even ghosts, I suppose, may be original.

First Girl—Who's in here? Will you soon be through?

Second Girl—Say! Is the water cold?

First Girl—It must be a dumb lady.

Second Girl—Maybe it's a teacher.

First Girl—Oh, no! Teachers think these bathrooms aren't good enough.

A few minutes later—Exit a teacher——also the girls.

Music.

"Music is the art which employs sounds as the medium of artistic expression for what is not found

in the province of literature, of sculpture, of painting or of acting."

Thus far we have had but one piano recital. As it was a private one given by Miss Wright's pupils the programme was not published. However, we are anticipating a number of enjoyable public recitals in the near future.

The choral class, under the efficient direction of Miss Smart, is now progressing famously with a membership of sixty-five, which is ten more than the number this time last year. The cantata, "King Rene's Daughter," by Henry Smart, is the composition being studied by the class this year, and a very interesting one it is.

In the conservatory department there is a brighter outlook for this year than there has been for some time past. We are fortunate in counting among the number to graduate next June in piano:—Misses Seccombe, Wilson, Gumprich, Crabb and Edwards; in organ, Miss Agnes Swan; and in vocal, Miss Petherbridge.

Since the opening of school several of our young ladies have been invited by the people of Whitby to take part in the programme on different occasions. One Sunday evening some of the girls assisted in the choir of the Methodist church; on the first night of the agricultural fair, in the Town hall, Miss Wilson played and Miss Crabb sang; also Miss Seccombe sang and Miss Gumprich played on the last night. On the occasion of the union meeting of the Young People's Christian Association of Whitby Miss Petherbridge and Miss Crabb took part in the musical part of the programme.

Art.

The art class of this season is anticipating one of the most successful years which could ever be hoped for by the college. With Professor F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., and Miss Metcalf at its head ambition and good hard work only are required to make it so.

The work taught consists of painting in oil and water colors, charcoal drawing, wood carving, pen and ink, pyrography and china decoration. To make it even more interesting and original than formerly the use of colored crayons has been introduced in

connection with the charcoal work, and the ceramic workers now do their own designing.

This is the term in which we hope to make our greatest improvement in drawing, the largest part of our work having been from antique cast and life models.

We ask ourselves "What is Art," and this answer comes to us: everything we distinguish from nature. When Dr. Johnston defined art he said: "It is the power of doing something which is not taught by nature or by instinct." This definition is somewhat insufficient. Take painting, for instance, and the idea includes not only the power to paint but the act of painting and an understanding of the laws for performing that act rightly, and not only these but the material consequence of the thing painted.

God's highest work is the creation of man and the highest work of the artist is modelling from this creation. What is there that inspires man so much as the beautiful curves and forms of nature and all life? The world in general is very ignorant of the true beauties of fine art, but this may be overcome by minds awakened and attuned to nature's loveliness and God's goodness in all that he creates.

Nature in every form is beautiful, and not until we realize and appreciate its beauties will we succeed in art.

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes . . .
. . . there is an art
Which doth mend nature—change it, rather, but
The art itself is nature."

—*Shakespeare.*

We wish to thank the girls who have so kindly posed for us. It a great favor and we all appreciate it. If any others wish to volunteer to pose in the future, their services will be gratefully accepted.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. Society has again been formed, and we are glad to be able to say that quite a number of the girls have joined this year.

Shortly after our return in September the nominating committee met, of which Miss Burkholder was chairman. The following officers were nominated and afterwards elected by the members of the

society:—

President—Miss McAmmond.

Vice-President—Miss Legate.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Edwards.

Leader of Prayer Meeting Committee—Mrs. Hare.

Editor to "Vox"—Miss Petherbridge.

Librarian—Miss A. Swan.

Convenors of North West Committee—Misses Webstar and O'Hara.

Convenors of Lumberman's Committee—Misses Gertrude Campbell and Daisy Simonds.

Convenors to Canadian College Mission—Misses Knapp and Beaty.

Recording Secretary—Miss Anna Pritchard.

Convenor of Music Committee—Miss McTaggart.

A course of study has been planned for the meetings of this year of the lives and influence of the great women of the Bible and those of modern times. Miss Burkholder began this course with a very interesting and instructive talk on Eve and the early history of the Bible, and since then Miss Silcox has given a very fine paper on the life and influence of Sarah, mentioning many incidents in connection with her life which were new to a number of us. We hope to continue this course of study, and expect to have many good papers from the girls and teachers during the year.

This last statement brings to mind a beautiful paper written by Miss Graham, one of the teachers of last year, which was read from the *Dominion Tie* by Miss Hattie Turk at one of our meetings. Miss Graham favored us once last year with an address, and we hope she will still continue to send messages to our little society. We were also favored with an address from Mr. Miles, of the Baptist Church, this year, his remarks being greatly appreciated. We have had solos by Misses Wilson and Hanson at different meetings.

Our Association was invited to join the Methodist and Baptist Societies in a union service held in the Methodist church. Two very interesting papers were given by Miss McAmmond and Miss Van Valkenburgh on "Systematic Giving" and "Tithing," respectively. When these were read slips of paper were passed around and anyone having a question to ask on the topics might do so by handing these slips of paper to Miss Burkholder, who at the close of the service gave the answers. The answer to the question asked by one of the College girls is worth repeating. The question was,

"What is the duty of the average student regarding tithing?" and was answered thus: "Frequently students do not get their spending money regularly and often only in small amounts. Therefore, finding it difficult to give the tenth regularly, I should advise them to keep account of all money received for a stated period and then give a tenth of that amount."

In connection with the Y. W. C. A. the following very successful social event must be mentioned, an impromptu entertainment given by the society Thanksgiving evening. The first part of the programme consisted of a flower guessing contest, Miss Ethel Swan being winner of the prize. We heard several new selections on the phonograph, and Misses Crabb and Wilson assisted with music.

Mrs. Hare's Monday evening class has a very large and regular attendance, and the girls greatly appreciate her heart to heart talks. Since they are expected to bring a verse of Scripture each night which they have learned during the past week, they have become even more interested in the meetings. In this way they become better acquainted with their Bibles, and will find it easier to read them more regularly, and will derive much good from this regular practice.

Domestic Science.

"The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike."

—*Frances Willard.*

As yet we can hardly say work has commenced in the Household Science Department of the college. The work has been greatly delayed by waiting for the completion of our new equipment. The desks of last year have been removed and in their places new ones with electric stoves are being placed. We are also having twelve new dining-room chairs, which will make a great improvement.

Every year it is the aim of the department to have some new improvements, and this year we may say there are to be greater improvements and advantages than ever before.

There are to be two classes, a senior and a junior class. The seniors are commencing where they left off last year and are taking up the third year work. The juniors appear to be starting with great enthusiasm. There are a good number in each

class. There are five girls taking up the graduating course, and also the normal work. This is the largest graduating class the department has ever had.

Already some of the girls have assisted at two dinners given by Mrs. Hare. They did exceptionally well and gave great credit to their instructress and the class as a whole.

We are very pleased to welcome Miss McCully among us as assistant teacher of Household Science, and hope she will have great success and enjoy her work.

Elocution.

The study of Elocution is not the memorizing of words and the recital of them. It is something higher and more ennobling. It was pursued to a very high degree by the ancients and is therefore an old study. It was, however, so nearly lost as a distinctive branch of culture, and it received so little attention for as many succeeding centuries that it may be justly termed a modern science. Knowledge is capital, only valuable as it is available, and Elocution is the great natural means of rendering knowledge available. By the study of Elocution we are led to realize more deeply how little of its spirit can go along with the letter, how little of the inspiration, which the true teacher should impart, can accompany the monotonous lines of the printed page. We do not believe any theory can be substituted for the living presence of the teacher. The theory of elocution can no more produce good readers and speakers than the theory of music will make good singers or experts on the instrument. The same sentiment may be spoken so that it shall not only express the idea indicated, but that it shall impress that idea upon the mind and heart. An elocutionist must study the matter in hand until it becomes entirely her own, until she feels everything she says and so makes the listener get behind the words and think only of the meaning. Naturalness is the necessary attitude of an elocutionist, but in the effort to be natural many become unnatural. In the attempt to represent themselves for what they are not they fail to receive value for what they are. Nature may be pruned, cultivated and directed, but we cannot substitute anything for it. I will always be stronger as myself than I can be as any one else, and as we

represent ourselves most through our words we should in our words be most true to ourselves. It is better to develop our own faculties, though inferior, rather than attempt to appropriate those of another. Our own will serve us better because designed for us by the Creator, therefore the expression of thought and feeling should be in the simplest and purest harmony with the elements of our individual nature.

Abridged from J. W. Shoemaker by L. R.

Vanilla culture in Bengal gives promiss of success. The plants under cultivation by the Agri-Horticultural Society are ladened with pods 9 inch long and four months yet to grow.

Exchanges.

We have not received any papers from the sister or brother institutions yet, and, therefore, have very little news to exchange this month. There came to my notice not long ago a souvenir number of the *Echo*, the Demill College paper. It is very interesting, and we are sorry, owing to the fact that this paper is not printed but instead read before the school when written, that we will not have the pleasure of enjoying more than this one number.

There is one "college proverb" in it which I am sure we all need to remember more or less. It is this: "It takes very little wit and a great deal of ill-humor to be sarcastic."

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